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Without Concealment-----Without Compromise.

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Selections.

THE LIBERTY OF BRITISH SUBJECTS INVADED BY THE UNITED STATES.

The following article we copy from the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Reporter. It has been often asserted, and as often denied, that the vessels of Great Britain are not subjected to the same stringent application of the laws of the slave States, relative to colored mariners, that those of the Northern States are. We have in this letter all the confirmation that could be asked. The shareholders of Wilmington did not dare to take the crew of the "Susan King," in opposition to her master. It is true he was annoyed as to as it was in the power of the shareholders to do so, without proceeding to extremities, but they shrank remonstrating a British subject. They would not have hesitated for a moment had it been a Northerner. Is it not a glorious Union which gives more liberty to the foreigner than to our own citizens? The letter which follows, from James Haughton, is from the Dublin Freeman's Journal. We know that the British press and the British Government will make a noise about it. Mr. Haughton, of all he sees, is mistaken in supposing the men were imprisoned:

We call the special attention of our readers in the following extracts of a narrative of Capt. McLean, of the brig Susan King, of St. Lucia. It refers to the treatment of the appeals of his Majesty's subjects, who visit the slave-states in merchant vessels on their lawful business. It is but one of a long series of cases which have occurred, and will occur, from the time Capt. McLean has led to the unexceptional British seamen in the common jails of the United States, contrary to the express stipulations of the treaties with that country. This subject has been again and again brought under the attention of Government, but hitherto without producing any beneficial result. It must, however, be allowed to slumber nay longer. The formal demand of the late Mr. Canning, for the repeal of the laws, in the United States, infringing the liberty of his Majesty's colored subjects, must be again reiterated by Government until they are repealed:—

"I sailed, says Capt. McLean, from your island in the brig Susan King, in December last, for Wilmington; and, owing to sickness that prevailed among the crew on my passage out, I was detained there a long time. I had to employ for this voyage to Wilmington, some colored men of this island. Having arrived at Wilmington on the 1st of December last, I entered my vessel the same day entered my vessel at the custom-house, and deposited my muster-roll at the British vice-consul's office, according to law. I was not a little surprised, when, on the following day, the harbor-master, on presenting me the harbor regulations, informed me that seeing part of my crew on board my vessel, he must take them out of the vessel and confine them in jail until the sailing of the ship. After some ineffectual remonstrance with the harbor-master on the cruelty and injustice of such an act, which I maintained could hardly apply to a British ship and British subjects, besides the loss and detention of time that it would occasion me, I was effectively, though by leaving my ship in a crippled state, disabling me from carrying on the necessary duty so short-handed. So, the harbor-master took his departure, giving me until the following morning at ten o'clock to produce my men, as he would then come to take my blacks over to jail. If the ship to sail, observing to me he left, that he neither made nor could alter the law, but was appointed to carry it into effect, and he referred me up his instructions in the harbor regulations on this subject.

"I went on shore and found that nothing could be done, from the authorities and shipowners, on which the matter was treated by my friends and those with whom I wished to argue the matter; and I wound up my negotiations by saying, that I considered it a point of my vessel's having make no distinction in the colors of the skin; my men are free subjects of her Britannic Majesty; and would not, like a slave (I have said) it is when you call this a free country! what a profanation of the sacred word LIBERTY! As I said before, these men are free British subjects, and I claim their employer, and consider myself also their protector; and I am resolved to dispute their being taken from under the protection of the Red Ensign flying on the fore of my peak) without a cause. You are in reality making war on the liberty of British subjects when you would incarcerate us in your prisons, who are guilty of nothing save coming to your port for the lawful purposes of trade. This point I shall dispute, and if I am wrong, I will suffer for my temerity; if right, I fear not but my Sovereign and country (insignificant as I am) will fix with ample retribution any injustice done me."

"Capt. McLean, after [illegible] he took on board the Susan King to prevent the departure of his crew, proceeds in his detail by the following copy of a letter to the collector of navigation, in the port of Wilmington:

"SIR,—It is my painful duty to communicate to you that I have been compelled in prevention for the port of Wilmington, and by the authority of the harbor-master, that part of my crew, being colored men, and British subjects, have been by him, the harbor-master, locked up and lodged in gaol, and there to be confined [illegible] until the departure of the ship from this port. *That the free subjects of her Britannic Majesty, coming to your port for the lawful and [illegible] purposes of commerce, ought to be treated [illegible] as citizens, without having committed any offence, or the person or property of any individual in this community, appears to be a consequence of the unprecedented power by which the security and interests of his ship will be most injuriously affected.* But, gentlemen, without countenancing on the part of the shipowner any arbitrary, cruel, and I must add, oppressive law, I beg most respectfully to submit this proposition, viz: that I will give security for the appearance of such men that the colored men shall not go on shore, nor have any communication with the shore; but while on board their ship, and under that flag of which they are the free subjects, I shall consider it my duty to protect them from all violence against their liberty and person; and consider it a violation of the law of nations, a degradation of her Majesty's subjects, and a flagrant breach of Article 1st, of the Convention of Commerce between Great Britain and the United States of America—to wit: 'The inhabitants of the two countries respectively shall have liberty *freely and securely* to come with their ships and cargoes to all such places, ports, and rivers in the territories aforesaid,' &c.; and by virtue of the aforesaid treaty and convention, I shall consider myself justified in repelling, force by force, any attempt to deprive me of that security and freedom, and the personal liberty of myself and crew; and, by these presents, I do publicly and solemnly protest, declaring and avow, that unless a warrant, duly issued under the hand and seal of a magistrate, or justice of the peace, or some other legal and responsible authority, is produced, by and in virtue of which any FREE CITIZEN of the United States might in like manner be apprehended and committed on a common goal, no British subject, being a seaman, and belonging to the ship of which I have the command, can or will be voluntarily surrendered. And I again, by this present communication, PROTEST and declare, for myself, and on behalf of all under my command, to act, resist, and defend, (error in manner aforesaid,) to the best and utmost of my power, all and every attempt on the liberty of those British subjects, for whom I am responsible.

I have the honor, &c."

Whether my letter to the commissioners had the wished-for effect, or whether it was treated with contempt, I cannot say; for the harbor-master did not condescend to reply. The harbor-master, however, called at the appointed time, accompanied by the police, and demanded the colored men. I replied that I had, through his hint of the previous evening, addressed a letter to the authorities under whom he served, and that I had received no answer to mine, and protested against my crew being taken out of the ship, unless a legal warrant be produced by which any free citizen might be arrested, and committed to a common gaol, "If, Sir," I said, "you have such a warrant, I offer no opposition to your taking the persons therein named; but, without this, I solemnly protest against your taking any person out of, and belonging to this ship." I was told that I must "submit to the laws" "to the harbor instructions for my authority." I observed, "that I had carefully perused the harbor regulations, and had given them my best attention; that I perceived no law or regulation (nor belonging to this port) found on board of any vessel in this harbor, and deliver him or them to the police officers of their town, to be by them forwarding on to be by no authority to distress any ship by giving up part of her crew, and thereby delaying msefforts to evade the penalties and penalties of the preceding Article of those regulations; that if, in refusing to deliver up these men to this authority, I am guilty of any crime, by reason of cause given, I submit myself and ship as an offender and I must abide the consequence." On this the harbor-master departed, and here the matter rested for a moment; but I am not to the persons to which I was subjected, for, on finding that I would not deliver up my colored men, the authorities prohibited any of my crew, or from coming on board my vessel, under pain of twenty-nine lashes for every time they were detected on board. Now, I am quite a stranger and never was a dealer of cattle, and the stevedores, I was by this measure subjected to great inconvenience and delay in the loading of my vessel. And I would call on the free citizens of this country to sympathize with the spirit or intention of the articles of our Convention of Commerce with the United States—to say, can it be said that they are consistent with the terms "freely and securely to come with their ships and cargoes," &c. I shall leave those more learned in the law to judge. We are told that in the free States of the United States, but a local law of *the State of North Carolina*: but I hold (though not conversant with the ambiguities and subtleties of the law) that it is a principle of common-sense, the conclusion that the State of South Carolina, as a member of the federal body, is bound by its action in relation to its connection with foreign States; and we ought to demand our right of "freely and securely coming to all ports and rivers in the territory of the United States."

CHARLES R. MCLEAN.
Brig "Susan King," St. Lucia, Feb. 24, 1846.

IMPRISONMENT OF BRITISH SUBJECTS IN AMERICA.

35 Eccles street, 27th April, 1846.

To the Editor of the Freeman:

DEAR SIR—A friend of mine who has travelled much in the southern States, but who is now a resident of this city, has this day sent me a number of the Grenada Free Press, dated the 25th of March last, in which there is a paragraph headed with the following indignity offered to free British subjects in the city of Wilmington, in the United States of America. My friend sent me the paper with a view of having the indignity offered to free British subjects in the British and Irish people through the medium of the press—that great guardian, in these free countries, of the rights and liberties of all who are injured in body or estate. Capt. McLean, master of the brig—Susan King, sailed from St. Lucia, in December last, and arrived at Wilmington on the 31st of the same month. Part of his crew were colored men. His ship was at once visited by the harbor-masters, who ordered the colored men to be taken ashore and thrown into prison during the stay of the vessel in their port. Capt. McLean remonstrated against this violation of the rights and liberties of British subjects—the violation of the Convention of Commerce between Great Britain and the United States—the injury done to him and his vessel in the hands [illegible] of the discharge of his cargo. But all to no effect, such is the law in Carolina, and he (the harbor-master) as its officer, [illegible] must carry the law into effect. To prevent the men must go, and there remain until such time as the ship should be ready to go to sea. Capt. McLean appealed to the authorities of the town, but all in vain—he protested, and declared he would only give up his men to a superior force. Read his description of the [illegible] in which the colored men were placed: "I use this strong expression *inverted*, from my own ocular knowledge of the wretched accommodation for the coloured men in the jail—the dungeon, the murderer, damper, or more noisome dungeon can scarcely be imagined; and humanity shudders at the thought of even a felon, with the filthy beds, and other nuisances upon his guilty head, being bound within its nosome and filthy cells." "Mr. Editor, the curse of the rankest growth to Slavery has barricaded the breast of this community to all sympathy for the poor degraded black man. Here he is absolutely classed, at least, in the feelings of his masters, with the brute."

I have been long aware of the fact, that by the laws of the slave states (I believe of all of them) the free-coloured man was liable to imprisonment when found in their ports. But I did not believe that free subjects of the Queen of England were subjected to this indignity. I hope it has not been done without such remonstrance as will prevent the recurrence of so gross an outrage. Capt. McLean's account of the transaction is not concluded in the number of the Gazzette sent me; so that I do not yet know how the matter ended. But enough is known to arouse our most indignant feelings, and to call for the exertion of public expression on the subject as will induce our Government to take up this matter with spirit, and a full demand to be made to put an end to it, so far at least as British subjects are concerned. Herein a great principle is violated, which nothing should induce our Government to overlook. All intercourse with a people guilty of so great a violation of the rights of others, ought to be suspended. Let America enjoy the nonintercourse of all behind her; and her own interested declarations by committing wrongs, which demons would blush at, on her own unhappy subjects; but let her not by her example bear down from other countries with respect. The opponents of Slavery—the advocates of the rights of all men, are often taunted with the inconsistency of their conduct with their principles. Let us not, by our silence, become participators in the guilt of making a chattel of a human being—of turning a man into an article of merchandise, makes the perpetrator of such criminality, a fit instrument for any deed of wickedness. For it is only by a prostration of every dignified attribute of humanity, that men can either be the agents or the willing victims of a system so abhorrent to nature, and to nature's God.

I hope the press will make a noise about this incarceration of free British subjects, guiltless of any crime. I hope the matter will be taken up in Parliament, and that the cruelty of North Carolina will be called on to make reparation to Capt. McLean, and his deeply-injured men. This is a subject of higher importance than the Oregon question, to the one as the case the rights of humanity are at stake, while in the other a territory to which neither party have any rightful claim, is the cause of dispute.

Let Irishmen, who have much to complain of on account of misgovernment at home, ever bear in mind that the surest method for obtaining sympathy of the wise and good, and of ultimately obtaining their own righteous ends, is by a consistent advocacy of the principles of truth and justice in the case of liberty, that we shall ever be found willing in action in breaking every yoke, and in setting the oppressed at every land free. So long as the slave States of America insist in maintaining the infamous law alluded to, "soul drivers" from these States should be prevented from polluting our shores.

Hoping you will approve of these free sentiments, and give them a place in your paper,

I am, yours, respectfully,
JAMES HAUGHTON.

CHURCH FELLOWSHIP—POLITICO-RADICO.

The editor of the True Wesleyan, from which we copy the following article, pays so very flattering compliment to our paper, that we feel bound to say—by way of apology to his readers—in expecting that the arguments of his correspondent will be without influence, because he does not happen to believe them true. The first position he believes is "strong meat," of course that settles it. To the second he says, "I am not a Democrat, nor Whig," and therefore such is the conclusion—Whigs, Democrats, and Liberty men are not pro-slavery. And to the third he says: "These are hard sayings, who can bear them?" It is pretty evident that he, for one, cannot. But we give both articles entire:

Lest the publication of the following article should be misunderstood, we will premise some directions we feel bound to say that if we understand the writer, we differ with him in opinion, and on some points in fact:

1. We understand him as saying what implies that there are no real Christians in any of the churches, and that no one is found among the Wesleyans. This is strong meat.

2. We understand the writer to say that Wesleyanism is neither Whig, Democratic, Liberty, nor Democrats, and Liberty party men." Now, we have voted the Liberty party ticket, without dreaming that we were violating Wesleyan principles.

3. We understand the writer as saying, in effect, that no man can hold office under the General or State Governments, and be a real Christian on account of the pro-slavery character of the Constitution and laws; and consequently, all are pro-slavery who hold office. We have talked with a number of the stevedores, I was by this measure subjected to great inconvenience and delay in the loading of my vessel, And I would call on the free citizens of this country to sympathize with the spirit or intention of the articles of our Convention of Commerce with the United States—to say, can it be said that they are consistent with the terms "freely and securely to come with their ships and cargoes," &c. I shall leave those more learned in the law to judge. We are told that in the free States of the United States, but a local law of *the State of North Carolina*: but I hold (though not conversant with the ambiguities and subtleties of the law) that it is a principle of common-sense, the conclusion that the State of South Carolina, as a member of the federal body, is bound by its action in relation to its connection with foreign States; and we ought to demand our right of "freely and securely coming to all ports and rivers in the territory of the United States."

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Bro. Chapman's article is the best we have seen on the subject. We have talked with a number of the Grenada Free Press, dated the 25th of March last, in which there is a paragraph headed with the following indignity offered to free British subjects in the city of Wilmington, in the United States of America. My friend sent me the paper with a view of having the indignity offered to free British subjects in the British and Irish people through the medium of the press—that great guardian, in these free countries, of the rights and liberties of all who are injured in body or estate. Capt. McLean, master of the brig—Susan King, sailed from St. Lucia, in December last, and arrived at Wilmington on the 31st of the same month. Part of his crew were colored men. His ship was at once visited by the harbor-masters, who ordered the colored men to be taken ashore and thrown into prison during the stay of the vessel in their port. Capt. McLean remonstrated against this violation of the rights and liberties of British subjects—the violation of the Convention of Commerce between Great Britain and the United States—the injury done to him and his vessel in the hands [illegible] of the discharge of his cargo. But all to no effect, such is the law in Carolina, and he (the harbor-master) as its officer, [illegible] must carry the law into effect. To prevent the men must go, and there remain until such time as the ship should be ready to go to sea. Capt. McLean appealed to the authorities of the town, but all in vain—he protested, and declared he would only give up his men to a superior force. Read his description of the [illegible] in which the coloured men were placed: "I use this strong expression *inverted*, from my own ocular knowledge of the wretched accommodation for the coloured men in the jail—the dungeon, the murderer, damper, or more noisome dungeon can scarcely be imagined; and humanity shudders at the thought of even a felon, with the filthy beds, and other nuisances upon his guilty head, being bound within its nosome and filthy cells." "Mr. Editor, the curse of the rankest growth to Slavery has barricaded the breast of this community to all sympathy for the poor degraded black man. Here he is absolutely classed, at least, in the feelings of his masters, with the brute."

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I hope the press will make a noise about this in-

From the New-York Tribune.

MEXICO.

The attention of our people having been withdrawn from Oregon to Mexico, we think a publishing in the Tribune statistics of the latter place, which if it hoped may prove of more than mere temporary interest.

According to the best authorities we have been able to consult, the population of Mexico, in 1842, was 7,500,000, of which 3,000,000 were set down as Indians; 1,000,000 whites; 6,000 blacks; and 2,000,000 of various castes, such as Tambos, Mulattoes, &c. &c.

In the city of Mexico there are several collegiate institutions of respectable grade and standing, and within the last few years a Military School has been established throughout the entire Republic. About fifty newspapers are published in the cities and various provinces.

The population of the Republic is made up, in round numbers, as follows:

Mexico,	1,400,000	Sinaloa, 150,000
Oaxaca,	675,000	Durango, 140,000
Puebla,	660,000	Sonora, 120,000
Yucatan,	580,000	Queretaro, 120,000
Guanajuato,	510,000	Nuevo Leon, 100,000
Jalisco,	500,000	Tamaulipas, 100,000
Michoacan,	500,000	Tabasco, 70,000
San Luis Potosi,	320,000	Aguas Calientis, 70,000
Zacatecas,	275,000	Tabasco, 60,000
Vera Cruz,	250,000	Nuevo Mexico, 60,000
Durango,	160,000	California, 35,000
Chihuahua,	150,000	

The exports from the Republic of Mexico amount to about twenty millions of dollars annually. Not less than twelve millions of silver are coined in the various mints, of which there are some six or eight in the Republic.

"THE OTHER GREAT INTERESTS," AND SLAVERY.

The relation of the Northern States to Slavery "was compromise—to the end of time." It is the off-spring of that principle of vicious venality, "*other great interests.*" Hardly had the sun dried the soil of Virginia from the red dews of human blood shed in the Revolutionary War, by those who fought for freedom, than this cardinal doctrine of Northern politics was established to be the highest and holiest attribute of their political morality.—"Other great interests" were to be secured first in the provisions of the Constitution, before liberty was to be sacrificed, and the principles contended for in the Revolutionary struggle, trampled in the dust forever. In apportioning us "the power, with the right of more," to "the other great interests" were looked after, with a vengeance. If Satan had, by joint ballot, been appointed by the Northern States, as the casting vote in favor of everlasting Slavery, he would not have dealt a heavier blow to the cause of freedom, than was inflicted by the united and double-footed selfishness of the North, in compromising to the *three-fifth's* representation basis. And one might suppose, without supervision, that the great father of lies carried his *chef d'œuvre* of malignant cunning by proxy in the consummation of that measure. We are sure that the aggregate genius of the Northern and South-ern delegates that convened to form the Constitution, could not have produced such a political incentive for a self-perpetuating system of Slavery, without the fortuitous concurrence of extra-human influences. There has been views from time immemorial, they say; who have worn the fetters of bondage in every age, and country, and clime—white slaves, chiefly, taken at spring eyes from the brave and free with feet of clay,—the slaveholding oligarchy. And now, when the slave-power has, by the admission of Texas, acquired a permanent ascendency in the United States Senate, thereby giving itself the power, for all time to come, of controlling the appointment of all the high officers of Government; and when the Slave States, as it will, will dictate the Constitution, and pass laws nullifying the power of the Supreme Court, this political Judas makes it a chief object to denounce all the true friends of the free States, that would stay the encroachments of this power.

The Tappans, of New-York, is another of the curses of the free North. Its leading editor, we understand, was married to a Virginian lady, who took him to her home, and fairly converted him to the dusky doctrines of the slave-breeders.

The Express, therefore, goes against all measures of Government that would go to lessen the profits of breeding slaves in Virginia, for a Southern market. At present prices, the breeding and growing of this kind of stock is the most profitable business in the country. At eight years of age, a likely boy sells for four or five hundred dollars, and the cost of rearing him may be set down at the price of a horse. The Courier and Express have an extensive circulation, and a potent influence on public opinion, and are the true friends of the slave power. Query—How long will the people of the free States continue to nurture such vipers in their bosom?

TRIAL OF E. D. HUDSON.

[REPORTED FOR THE BOSTON CHRONICLE.]

SUPREME JUDICIAL COURT.

FRIDAY, May 22.

Catherine Lindo vs. Erasmus Leland. Trespass.

It appeared that the plaintiff was a slave in Georgia, the property of one W. B. Hodgson, and was living with the defendant's family as a domestic servant to pay the expense of fighting for their liberty in the Revolution, or in any other war that might be waged for their independence. "The *other great interests*," were making an earnest demonstration of their hidden nature. A pretty dilemma, this! The North would not admit that the slaves were really men, nor exactly beasts. They were determined that these human beings should pay; that they should range on the hill-side and mow her grass when the upper house and the lower human. To call them cattle would raise the taxes at the North; to call them *three-fifth's* persons would raise the wrath at the South, provided the expenses of the Government were to be raised by direct taxation. Had "the other great interests" permitted the North to follow its instincts, and call them cattle, or beasts, they would have escaped that terrible *right of suffrage* we have described, and the world would never have heard of the "three-fifth's" basis. But the *three-fifths* basis of representation. For better—keep easy, friends,—far better had it been for the slaves, if they had been treated like cattle, or as cattle outright, in this matter of taxation; for then they would have escaped that ironical suffrage which yearly fills the halls of our State and of our bondage. Then would they have been delivered from the invincible *Twenty-One*, Slavery's life preserver, which, if it does not save perhaps, the latter of our National Legislature might have been as accessible to the prayer of the slaves as that of Heaven. But they were dealt with as human beings, as horse-leeches, as they have always done, and always will do, so long as they are permitted to usurp the functions of God, and of dollars. Hence the human freedom with the seats of money-changers, and the small wares of selfishness. The North was determined that the slaves should not act or suffer, but in partially as men. Well, taxation without representation was an outrageous proposition so soon after the Revolution, that the mention of one of "the inherent rights of man," which could not be tolerated. If the slaves were to be taxed as men they ought to be allowed the rights of men. The North could no head thoughtfully at this proposition—it was clear as day. They had fixed this principle on Bunker Hill. From equals you shall receive representation, will be your motto—that fact had been established on some other hill. Well, then, if, in case of direct taxation *only*, the slaves were to be taxed as men, in all the burdens, then they ought to be *represented as three-fifths* human. It was indisputable, and the compromise was consulted. "The other great interests" prevailed, and Slavery acquired a capacity of self-execration and perpetuation that no system of sin had ever won before. Under the operation of this basis, the Southern States have eighty-eight members. Sixty-seven of these are properly the representatives of slaveholders; the remaining twenty-one are the representatives of the slaves, whose business it is to represent Slavery as the corner-stone of a republic; as the happiest condition that man, a African race can enjoy, at least in this land of Bibles.

It should be passed to the credit of "the other great interests," that the North may not realize some pecuniary offset to this boon to Slavery. We cannot say, with confidence, that the Federal Government will ever dream of the farthing of revenue from a tax on slaves. We have no record on hand, nor time to look up one, of any direct national tax imposed since the adoption of the Constitution. *Impost duties*—there may be a direct tax sometime or other, and then—give ear, O, humanity—and then there will come the assertion of "the other great interests" for saving life, and immortality, and power, and dominion to the Beast. For Slavery thus expanded will pour into the coffers of "the other great interests" more than a com-basketfull of coined copper. Men voted at the last Presidential election who will see perhaps twenty millions of dollars, in the next dozen years of it, "if the other great interests" shall continue to be to the political morality of the North what the love of God is to religion. Well, think of that! what is seven will accrue from twenty millions of beings rated as three-fifths human in case of a direct tax!

We cannot speak with enthusiasm of such a prospect which "the other great interests" demand of their devotees. We leave it to them to balance accounts with the "other powers" in the other great interests and Slavery."—*Burritt.*

From the New-York Tribune.

EMANCIPATION IN THE BRITISH WEST INDIES. No. II.

BY JOHN S. C. ABBOTT.

The British Parliament in the act of emancipation proceeded upon the opinion, then almost universally entertained, that the slave must be prepared for liberty before they could be safely set free, and the power and the planters resolved to reject this preparatory course, and decreed that on the striking of the clock on the first of August, 1834, every slave should be instantaneously and unconditionally emancipated. It was a bold and a noble experiment, for on the island of Antigua there were thirty-four thousand five hundred slaves and free blacks, and only two thousand whites—a disproportion vastly greater than exists in any of our Southern States.

And the result of this experiment was so highly and so unexpectedly beneficial that the emancipation of the islands, after witnessing for a few years its operation, universally relinquished the apprenticeship system, and emancipated immediately as were accorded to all the slaves. Such is the great event, the results of which I wish to spread before the public mind. Though we can hardly find its parallel on the pages of ancient or modern history, it has attracted but little attention from the great majority of our countrymen. But every American should carefully ponder the boon it teaches; for we have within our own borders two and a half millions of bondmen, and the question of their continued servitude, or their emancipation, must inevitably, ere long, agitate every section of our country.

The first principle which this event establishes, is that, *immediate emancipation is safe.* It was asserted, before this experiment, that the slaves could not with safety be suddenly liberated; that ensuing upon their release they would arise and sweep their long-suppressed revenge in flames and violence and blood. The white man knew how measureless were the wrongs which the colored man had long endured at his hands, and he trembled lest a day of terrible retribution was in ensue. He had a swift foreboding of murder, of midnight burnings, of plunder, of wives and daughters fleeing in frenzy before the unbridled lust of the avenging negro. But none of these things occurred. The slaves emancipated slave hastened to the house of God and there gave utterance to his overflowing soul in hymns of joy and prayers of thankfulness.

Says Professor Hovey, of Amherst College, a witness of unquestioned intelligence and credibility, who visited the islands for the express purpose of investigating the effects of freedom: "The emancipated people, instead of becoming frantic with joy in the possession of their new rights and privileges, and rioting ebullition of ungoverned passion, retired from the places of public devotion in their little tenements with the utmost decorum of all, and a stranger, or the least disorderly conduct. The day was characterized by the stillness and solemnity of the Sabbath, by raising of the voice in prayer and holy tumult, and intoxication which usually on such occasions disgrace more intelligent and civilized communities." From this impulsive race, so recently degraded, was the unexceptionable appearance of the islands of Antigua and Bermuda through all their parishes.

Owen Ely, Esq., a highly intelligent and benevolent Quaker, from England, who visited the islands six years after the emancipation, to examine the results of the great experiment, says: "I asked President Cronk, of Saint Christopher's island, and some other persons, if there was a single individual on the island who was sorry for the emancipation of Slavery? 'Certainly, not one!' was the reply."

"At Jamaica," says Mr. Gurney, "we had the pleasure of witnessing a most interesting assembly for the emancipated slaves on the property, with their wives, sons, and daughters, were on that day met at a pick-pick dinner. The table of each family was spread under a roofed building erected for the purpose, and at the convenient hour of six in the evening, after the day's work was finished, was invited with a most cordial welcome. Fowls, fish, eggs, and joints of meat in abundance. About one hundred men and women of the African race, attired with the utmost neatness, were seated in such harmony and order to partake of the feast; but no drink was provided stronger than water. It was a most delightful repast—the first fruits of peace and freedom. This dinner was to have taken place on New-Year's day; but it so happened that a Baptist chapel, in another part of the island, had been destroyed by fire, and, at the suggestion of their minister these honest people agreed to waive their own pleasure in order to assist in the rebuilding of their meeting-house. For this purpose they raised a noble sum, I believe considerably above five hundred dollars, and on the third month of the year, finding that matters were working well with them, they thought it well to indulge themselves with their social dinner."

Thus surely is not the picture of a lawless mob, rioting through the land, burning and destroying everything that they can lay their hands on, but the orderly picture of a contented peasantry rejoicing, in the possession of their own homes and in the comforts which their own virtues and industry have secured.

No. III.

Many fears were expressed, and probably some were seriously entertained, that the sudden act of the remission of Slavery would introduce general anarchy; and that the emancipated negroes, refusing all subjection to law, would spend their time in riotous revelry, burning the plantations and desolating the country with violence and blood. None of these fears, however, were realized. The act of emancipation filled the hearts of the negroes with gratitude, not with rage. Their love for their own wives and children, and kindness, inspired them with an intense desire to improve their public order, and to prove themselves deserving of their restoration to freedom.

Says Professor Hovey—"I hazard nothing in saying that the people of Antigua are as free from any apprehensions of riot or insurrection, as in the most peaceful districts of England. The militia, which was frequently on duty during Slavery, and especially on the Christmas holydays, has not been uttered, and is now a matter of perfect indifference to public peace, since the day of emancipation."

Now, be it remembered that this is not the unsupported testimony of a single unimportant individual, but the careful statement of one of the most honorable and intellectual men of New-England, after visiting personally the islands, and investigating the results of this great experiment. Twelve years have now passed away since the shackle of Slavery were broken from the limbs of the Negro, and not the murmur of war or violence has been heard in those peaceful valleys. These twelve years have passed away in intense prosperity, tranquility and order. And thus the question is settled, that immediate and unconditional emancipation is *safe*. For this experiment was not made with a few favored individuals, but with eight hundred thousand slaves. These slaves were as ignorant and degraded as are the slaves in our land. They had been subjected to as much hardness, and were no better prepared for freedom than are the same class who toil on the plantations of the United States. The American people have looked to his slave as was the West Indian, and can with equal safety set him free.

This experiment was not tried upon one island alone, where favorable circumstances might favor its success, but in nineteen of the slave colonies of the British empire; and in every instance with perfect safety, and to the almost unmingled satisfaction of both master and slave. The danger of insurrection exists only while Slavery exists. Then the ennobled passions of the oppressed are ever struggling to break forth. Emancipation dispels this danger. There is no longer a motive for insurrection, and all are ready to unite as the people of peace.

Another fact established by the emancipation of the slaves in the British West Indies is, that the emancipated slaves many are soon become industrious and thriving. They are actuated by the hope of wages rather than by fear of the whip. It was very loudly declared through all the cities and villages of England, before the passage of the act of emancipation, that the moment the restraints of Slavery were ordered, the negroes, spunning all control, would leave the plantations, and the lofty lands would be left no disposition to abandon his humble dwelling, to rove the land in friendlessness, a fugitive and a vagabond, just in the moment when he had it in his power to surround his home with new charms, and when he could press his children in his bosom with the feeling that they were indeed his own. The force of early attachments and habits was so strong that the freed slaves almost universally preferred to remain on the plantations where they had been born, and among the associates of their childhood. As a general rule, not the slightest difficulty

was found in hiring them to cultivate the plantations. And it is abundantly proved that under the stimulus of wages, the negro has developed a degree of energy which exceedingly surprised the planters.

Says Professor Hovey:—"As one of the greatest evils apprehended from emancipation was, that the negroes *would not work*, I deem it of the utmost importance to say, that on those estates which have conciliating and judicious managers, the whole gang work in due proportion, there has been no falling off in labor. Such estates were never under better cultivation, and many have even exceeded in the number of hogsheads. The wages usually allowed them were the occupancy of the humble dwellings in which they had lived, the right of cultivating a small portion of ground, and about twelve cents a day for their labor. On these terms the emancipated slaves eagerly sought employment. I was expressly assured that if the crops should be ever so great they could be taken off without inconvenience, and that no person would hesitate to encounter any enterprise, however arduous, from the apprehension that sufficient laborers could not be obtained."

It was formerly found almost impossible to introduce any new implements of husbandry. The slave would proceed in his old and indolent way, rejecting all innovations. The more clumsily and slowly he could perform his work, the better for him. For instance, a gentleman purchased a lot of wheelbarrows, with the intention of having the negroes wheel them instead of (as was customary) carry manure. But the slaves not fancying these new notions for expediting their unpaid toil, loaded the wheelbarrows, and shouldered the whole, upon their own heads. This was then regarded as an indication of their invincible stupidity. But now, inspired with the energies of freemen, they are found to adapt themselves of all the facilities for the speedy and effectual accomplishment of their labors. Freedom seems to have imparted a new element of thought and energy into the character of the negro.

"It is generally admitted by the planters," says Professor Hovey, "that the negroes now perform as much work in forty-five hours, as they did formerly during the whole week. It is admitted on all sides that the emancipated slaves are willing, and even desirous to work for pay. In this respect no difference can be perceived between them and white people."

There probably has been no objection more invariably presented against emancipation than the assertion that the slaves, if set free, will starve rather than work. And though this fact of itself, if true, would not have been demonstrated by the result of the experiment in the West Indies, the assertion still continues unabashed, and exerts a powerful influence on the minds of the uninformed. After the emancipation proclamation was signed by the queen, the slaves, as a matter of course, left the estates of their masters, though the very great majority of them tenaciously remained in their old homes, tilling the fields as hired laborers, with which they had been familiar from infancy.

"Let it not be imagined," says Mr. Buxton, "that the negroes who are not employed by their masters or their old masters are on that account idle. Even these are of general busily employed in cultivating their own grounds in various descriptions of handicraft, in lime burning, or fishing, in benefiting themselves and the community through their not less equally desired medium. Besides all this, cottages walls are built, new houses are erected, pastures cleared, ditches dug, meadows drained, roads made and Macadamized, stores fitted up, villages formed, and other beneficial operations carried on, the result of which, before emancipation, it would have been a folly even to attempt. The old notion, that the negro is, by the constitution, a lazy creature, and will do no work at all except by compulsion, is now forever exploded."

The one simple fact, however, which precludes the necessity of all farther testimony upon this point, is the ever-memorable one stated by Mr. Gurney, that "in the whole year of freedom, after a trial of five years, the exports of sugar from Antigua almost doubled the average of the last five years of Slavery. By what legal maxim can this ever be considered ? By the basis of fact and unpracticable race, as they have often been described, the negroes. And under what stimulus has the work been effected? Solely under that of wages. Here, therefore, it is conclusively established that the emancipated slaves, under the influence of wages, may immediately become industrious and thriving laborers.

No. IV.

A timid fact established by West Indian Emancipation is, that the negroes are absolutely capable of taking our of themselves.

It was generally predicted that the slaves manumitted would be reduced to a state of misery, for quite unable to make any suitable provision for the support of their families or themselves, and that increased poverty and suffering would be the consequence of raising them upon their own resources. It was confidently affirmed that the slaves, being mere children in character, need pressure of starvation if freed from the necessary chains of slavery to their masters. But all these fears are now dispelled forever. The characteristic improvidence of the slave was the necessary consequence of his condition, and the change in his condition has produced a corresponding change in his character.

Says Rev. M. Colonna, a clergyman residing in the West Indies, "the change for the better in the dress, demeanor, and welfare of the people is *prodigious*."

Mr. Gurney mentions a fact beautifully illustrative of the shrewd calculations and consequent thrift of the emancipated. "A Kroomen sailor, who had become embarrassed, was advised to sell off part of her property in small lots to suit purchasers. The experiment succeeded her pecuniary expectations. The laborers, in the neighborhood, brought up all the little freeholds with extreme eagerness, made their payments faithfully, and how no time in washing on shore, which their industry, in the end, soon framed their houses, and brought their gardens into useful cultivation with yams, bananas, plantains, pine apples, and all the fruits of the country, including plots of sugar cane. In this way Augusta and Liberty sprung up, as if by magic. I visited several of these villages in company with the agent of the parish, and was surprised by the excellence of the buildings, as well as by the neat furniture and cleanly living of the people—of which I saw much of within. It was a scene of contentment and happiness, and I may certainly add of industry; for these little freeholders occupied much their leisure hours in working on their own grounds."

Now this is not theory—the exposition of opinion alone. It is the unexpected result of an unimpeachable witness. Such is the result of the actual experiment of emancipation. These scenes of industry and happiness, testified to by various and independent witnesses, and exhibited in the actual condition of the emancipated slaves, several years after their emancipation, prove that we need suffer no apprehension on the head of the freed slaves relative to their work. He is either wicked or inexcusably uninformed who now repeats the assertion that the negroes, when emancipated, will be entirely incapable of taking care of themselves.

Another interesting secret illustrative of the industry and the independent spirit of these emancipated is thus described by Mr. Gurney: "A wonderful scene we witnessed on Sabbath morning, in the Baptist church. The congregation was so numerous, as to invite us to hold our meeting with his flock, after the manner of Friends. Such a flock we had not before seen, consisting of nearly three thousand black people, chiefly emancipated slaves, arrayed after their favorite custom, with much white raiment, and most respectable and orderly in their demeanor and appearance. They appeared likewise to understand and appreciate the doctrines of divine truth preached on the occasion. The congregation is greatly increased, both in numbers and respectability, since the late joyful freedom. They now entirely support the mission, and are enlarging their chapel at an expense of five thousand dollars."

It is well for the mind to pause and ponder upon such statement as these. For this is a witness whose credit is unimpeachable. And this testimony is corroborated by that of many others. His opportunity of becoming acquainted with the facts respecting which he testifies, was unsurpassed, and his testimony be enjoyed. He was guided in visiting these scenes by many of those planters who were energetically opposed to the measure of emancipation, but who, from the practical operation of the mea-sure, had become warm advocates of its wisdom. And he testifies to the condition of things, that the islands six years after all the restraints of Slavery had been removed.

Again, says Mr. Gurney, "we spent several hours at Shigoville. This property is divided into one hundred and fifty freehold lots, fifty of which had been already sold to emancipated laborers who had been driven by hard usage from their former homes. Some of them had built good cottages, others tenements, here and [illegible] preparing the ground for building [illegible] or in process of [illegible]

brought into fine cultivation. Not a hoe, I believe, had ever been driven into that land before. Now a village had risen up with every promise of comfort and prosperity, and the land was likely to produce a rich abundance of nutritious food. The people settled there were all married, mostly with families, and the men employed the bulk of their time in working for wages on the neighbouring estates. The chapel and the school were immediately at hand, and the religious character of the people stood high. Never did I see more decency and propriety, and never more marked by contentment for the present or hope for the future."

The assertion has been made ten thousand times, and in every conceivable form of language, that the slaves, if emancipated, would be utterly incapable of supporting themselves. But these results of the experiment in the West Indies has demonstrated that the slaves may be employed as hired laborers, and that they employed they can make a better support than even would be the case if the masters ordinarily make for them. We might quote volumes in corroboration of this point. In almost every particular the condition of the slave has been ameliorated by emancipation. Sacred marriage has taken the place of the most debasing concubinage. Home has been surrounded with many and new charms. The Sabbath has been honored as never before. The institutions of religion have been revitalized with new interest, and every Sabbath the churches are thronged with orderly, well-dressed and devout worshippers. The Sabbath school and the day school are gathering the children together from all the plantations, and rearing them under the guidance of intelligent and spiritual knowledge. And though there is still much to be done, in elevating the race to rare from the oppression and degradation of ages, the emancipated negro has proved, to the satisfaction of every observer, that he takes infinitely better care of himself and his family than his former task-masters ever took for him. And no well-informed man will ever again venture to say that the slaves are incapable of being employed as hired laborers. This popular support of the institution of Slavery is therefore forever dead. The emancipation in the West Indies has been to elevate immeasurably the condition of the negro. He lives in a better house, is better clothed, and has a much better food. His children are better educated, and his family enjoy to a vastly higher decree all those influences which tend to purity and exalted human character.

THOSE FEATHERS.

We lately received a present of two or three pounds of wool from a friend, which, in nothing very remarkable in this fact, but the way they happened to be in our possession is rather curious. Stephen Abby Foster had made an appointment, and was to come Falls. The friends there were about making preparations to send for them, and in order that the time might not be lost, they met at the house of an individual, it was agreed to ascertain what each person present at the time the matter was talked of, would be willing to contribute. The first individual had money what they would be willing to do, when a merchant by the name of Williams, a *respectable* man so-called, and no one who knows him will dispute the title, member of the Episcopal Church, being asked what he would give, replied, "Two pounds of feathers," and another said "I'll give a quart of tar." The meeting was held; a good deal of laughing ensued at the high expectations of sundry mohocrats. The circumstance above related was spoken of in Abby Foster's presence, who immediately sent for her friends to call on Williams and get the feathers. The individual called, but Williams refused to deliver them without an order from his wife. The order was given and the feathers delivered. We have them now in our possession, and shall make a very different, and much better use of them than they were meant for, and intended to have them applied to, when he offered to furnish two pounds of feathers, and his kindred spirit kept him at the countenance by the proffer of a quart of tar.—*Bugle.*

From the Tribune.

ABHORRED BE WAR!

The honour, reflection, and interest of man's history, is silenced by the constantly-recurring details of battles and butchery—by accounts of the happiness sacrificed, the life blood poured out, the wealth wasted, the industry gathering from remote corners of the earth to maim and slaughter each other. Mere depravity, however great, is not enough to effect all this: no deed could be found only enough thus to torture themselves first, then one another. *Ignorance* madness is the very least explanation that is adequate.

Looking closely and steadily at the matter, we detect the cause of almost every crime, or at least a main one in it. *War ravages nations, afflicts and destroys peoples, but strengthens Governments, exalts rulers, and enables them to rapidly accumulate the spoil of plundered millions.* The lodging of the Commissary or Contractor is rapidly transformed into a baronial castle; his soldier-like quarters into a princely palace; while the care of homeless soldiers, the tears of innumerable widows and orphans; and, while thousands are shivering and freezing for want of the humble dwellings that have been destroyed, the military rest serene in lordly halls, and roll in luxury. In fact, we believe, that it is those, but for the curse of war, "their equipages shine like meteors; they are gorgeous like exhalations." Well can *they* afford to praise or patronize, "Peace and Temperance," and to regale them with some share of their plunder to inflame the passions of the duped multitudes, and loot them into collusion to shout at the "glorious victory" that has saved and left that often unpaid. Will the mass never become wise enough to detect and scout the swindling game of modern war?

Suppose a Government to be weak or profligate—a cause to be more unscrupulous, corrupt, and, therefore, in danger of incurring popular odium or disgust. Will it not be strong in the public confidence, but without the virtue or the patriotism to be honest? Then, what is the one unfailing resort—to pick a quarrel with some other Government. *That* it once withdraws public attention from its own profligacy; enables its satellites to call upon all the people to "support the country"—that is, to rally round and uphold it, right or wrong, in what they propose. All inquiry is stopped—all watchfulness set aside—appropriations are made by millions, and the public treasury is poured out like water into the hands of Chief Magistrate, to be wielded at his pleasure—the latter ever ready to serve the former in behalf of his friends. All who question the policy or the justice of his acts are at once denounced as traitors and enemies of the country. Those who have been bribed by the public purse to cry up the war; all mercuries are stifled as treasonable; and when, at last, disaster or utter exhaustion of resources compel a peace, a contribution is levied on the pensioners, cripples, placemen, and fund-holders are provided to eat up the wails of honest labor, for fifty or a hundred years to come. Such is the history of almost every war that ever desolated the world. Such is the history of the present war of rulers and rogues against the people. Such is a small portion of the cost of the infamous cheat styled glory.

Of all wars ever fomented, we remember none more nefarious in its origin, more wanton and atrocious, than that in which we are now engaged with our rulers, the land-jobbers and slave-jobbers, whose money, contracts, and lies, have made those instruments of their cupidity and power, the army and navy, so corrupt and so universally redeemed by the darine evinced in commencing them; but this war is as cowardly as it is wicked. A people, wholly, relatively, the Chief Republic of twenty millions of people attempting to humble and despoil an ally, a people, with but a small fraction of seven millions, and those in good part semi-barbarous aborigines of the Continent! The giant who should beat a cripple would be a hero in comparison!

Just think of the pretexts of this war, of which the cry of injuries unredressed is the most specious, though utterly deceptive. Have we not more than a million of citizens of the United States several millions, for property literally taken or destroyed within her borders. The claimants have had the right to petition Congress, and in the military commission there so frequent, their prayers has been unjustly condemned or dismissed. Although the Mexican Government did not authorize the spoliation, it is fairly bound to see it is good, just as Massachusetts is responsible for the conduct of her mobs, and Boston for the ruffians, that fell a prey to mob violence on the body of their brothers. Mexico does not dispute the justice of the claims, but has always offered to submit the statement of the amount, paid part of it, and was going on to pay the residue, when we broke up our friendly relations by unlawfully annexing Texas, and the Texan debt, for which we had solemnly bound ourselves to pay. She fairly and seasonably warned us that she should consider such Annexation as a virtual declaration of war, and not only took Texas, but claimed a great deal which was never annexed to Texas. Thus wronged and menaced, Mexico withdrew her Minister, and refused paying the claims of citizens due us. She ought surely to pay; but shall we, while several of our States openly repudiate their public debts, and refuse to make provision even for paying the interest—while even our General Government refuses to pay our own plundered citizens the very sums due them out of Indian funds, unjustly assessed by the Federal Government, in the Louisiana Treaty, more than forty years ago—shall we butcher Mexicans because their bankrupt Government has not paid us in full for spoliations committed within the last dozen years?

The refusal to receive Mr. Slidell is another false pretext for this war. Mexico only consented to receive a special Commissioner to attempt an adjustment of the Texas business, having withdraws her own Minister from Washington on the triumph of Annexation, considering that war, and formally terminated all regular diplomatic intercourse with us. But we sent her *ex*traordinary Plenipotentiary instead of a special Commissioner, and invested on opening negotiations generally, which she refused to do So Mr. Slidell was not received. Let those who have been led to believe that we ought to go to war for this only, consider that the letter of our own Consul at Mexico, giving the confidential reasons of the Mexican Government, (see Mr. Buchanan's letter,) for rejecting the unexpected appearance of Mr. Slidell there, and wishing him recalled, or his progress to the Capital declined, was published by *The Union*, while the other documents transmitted by the President, but suppressed, and a meagre, partial synopsis given instead! Let them consider the unauthorized step by our Government sent Mr. Cushing out to China to make a treaty, which was invested with two commissions, one as a regular Minister Plenipotentiary, another as a special Commissioner, of which he was to use either, as circumstances might require. He used the latter only. Our Government desired peace with China; had it desired a lost peace with Mexico only, it would have done likewise in the latter. Slidell's case. Being sent on war, it took an opposite course.

As to the pretence that Texas rightfully extends to the Rio Grande, the man who sets it up would take any pocket-book that he thought he could keep by fair or foul means. Texas never had jurisdiction over one foot of land entirely to the westward of its tributaries; not a single individual living on the waters of that river ever participated in, or openly sympathized with the Texan revolt; there never was a custom-house, mail, post or served, under the authority of Texas, on the waters of that river, from the mouth to the source. Laredo, San Isabel, and the spot occupied by Gen. Taylor's troops opposite Matamoros, were just as much Mexican territory at all times up to the revolution, as the city of Vera Cruz or Matamoros. Our officers on the spot have written home letters, speaking of their encampment in *the heart of Mexican territory*. Mexican papers are constantly marvelling at the meekness of the Mexicans in allowing us to drive back their garrison on over the Rio Grande, plant our cannon in battery opposite the city, and erect our batteries and other entrenchments and fortresses." When our army was ordered to Corpus Christi, Gen. Arista, Commander in chief of the Mexican forces, issued a proclamation declaring that they were invading Mexican territory, and that he should fire on them if they approached further. Still, on they came, and advanced, and he retreated without firing. San Isabel was fired by the Mexicans at Gen. Taylor's approach. Finally, after the battle of Resaca, when our army, after fleet blockaded the mouth of the Rio Grande, cutting off the supplies of the Mexican army, and compelling them to fall back, the city of Matamoros, for the first time, was occupied and desired.

Such is the history, in time of profound peace, some of it spectable old person—woman, we had nearly said, but we have a regard for old women—goes round the country and sends in petitions for the abolition of Slavery in the District, and various dimiuaries of all sizes, to sign a paper, setting forth their condemnation of war. This is published in the newspapers, and the whole world laughs at the preposterous thus afforded of a hastening millennium. The next thing we know, we comes along; and those valiant fellows who will not fight for all in the world, but the world shall realize that their *own* friends of peace who have been driven to their cause, in defiance of whole Packs-full of patriotic Resolutions, by Slidell's case. Such prove few, (which we do not believe,) the more honor to the brave craven silence or outright desertion makes them so.

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* Extract of a letter from an officer in our army, to the *Spirit of the Times*, dated

"CAMP, opposite Matamoros, April 19, 1846.

"Our position is one of the most singular in war. *Right in the enemy's country, actually occupying their corn and cotton fields, the people of the soil bearing their taxes, and we, with a weak force, in possession of the whole.*

From the Albany Evening Journal.

THE AMERICAN PEOPLE ADDRESSED.

The American people do not believe it possible that their Government contemplates a wild scheme of conquest in regard to Mexico. And yet such is its deliberate purpose. The Administration has set out with the details of a campaign which has for its object the invasion and conquest of Mexico. It has made use of its executive authority, such a perversion of power of the Government, and such a perilling of the welfare of the people and the country, as has no example or precedent. No former Administration has so far departed from its duties and the policy of the country. We have no fear that the American people will sanction the usurpation and of profligacy; but the Government has never before swung entirely from its moorings. We have on no former occasion seen it drift so far from its anchorage. It is our first attempt to intimate the grasping monarchies of Europe. We have no love for territory is now seeking to satiate itself by violence. We have no love for the Mexican Republic, we purchased Louisiana and Florida. Under the guise of peace, we are marshalling our army for fearful and deadly scenes. And now, utterly lost to principles and precepts of patriots by whom this peaceful Republic was reared, we are marshalling our army for foreign conquests!

We have seen the origin, rise, and progress of our Republic. We have seen its present prosperity. We have seen it worked well, for the most part, during half a century. It is now, unless the people interpose and arrest the mad career of their rulers, about to be ruined. From the decisions of our people be changed. War is a disease. Its symptoms are fever, delirium, and convulsions. Even in aggressive wars, the pursuits of peace are abandoned, its interests paralyzed, and its fruits perish. Only a fearful season of war, and the fairest prospects involved would be required to render Shakspeare's description of France applicable to America :—

"Her vine, the merry cheerer of the heart,
Unpruned, dies; her hedges even-pleach'd,—
Like prisoners wildly overgrown with hair,
Put forth disorder'd twigs; her fallow leas
The darnel, hemlock, and rank fumitory
Doth root upon, while that the coulter rusts,
That should deracinate such savagery;
The even mead, that erst brought sweetest smells,
But hateful docks, rough thistles, keksies, burrs,
Losing both beauty and nutility,
And as your garlands, daffodils, silver balls,
Defective in their natures, grow to wildness;
Even so our houses, and ourselves, our children,
Have lost, or do not learn for want of time,
The sciences that should become our country;
But grow like savages,—as soldiers will,
That nothing do but meditate on blood,—
To swearing, and stern looks, diffus'd attire,
And everything that seems unnatural."

From the True American.

TO THE CITIZENS OF THE SENATE.

GENTLEMEN :—We are not so green as to appeal to you as men. Seeing, that you are the sons of world-wide renown, Slaveholders, who have fought, bled, and died for the cause of liberty," that your eyes rest daily upon some field of brave deeds, some monument of illustrious achievement, that your ears are filled from time to time with the sound of the trumpet, and your hearts are the least remorse of honorable shame, we dare not flatter ourselves, that obscure and trampled upon as we are, we could move you to pity, or that you will refer us to the sentiment of returning honor? We do not ask your sympathy for the exiled millions of our suffering fellow-citizens, for whom you have no sympathy to spare, neither do we, for, when your own Massachusetts men are thrown, without crime, into prison perhaps to end their days there, your wives, and your hoary and venerable ambassador brutally expelled from the slave-border, contrary to the law of nations, and the usage of all civilized and savage nature; and no sense of wrong is felt at this, we know our case cannot touch you!

We do not ask you to feel that you owe something to us, as bound in a common union, and a common destiny, and entitled to the common rights of humanity,—for seven years you have seen us trodden down, and you have not even lisp and sell, and your own bodies are not touched with material stripes, yet we do not expect you to appeal to the mere words of your own Declaration, "The liberty of *ordinary politicians*, which protects merely civil rights, and the *constitutional liberty*, the pursuit of property, and onward good, fell very short of that for which Milton lived and was ready to die." The Constitutional liberty is restrictive of the higher, more ethereal and moral power of the community. The worst feature of the institutions which he assailed was, that they *fettered the mind*.

Neither do we expect you to be influenced by the repeated, many declarations of Massachusetts, that she never would submit to the Texas usurpation, the unconstitutional expansion of the slave-power, and unequal representation, for seeing that this noble stand which she had assumed, as the leader of the Friends of free institutions, put "*no money in her purse*," we did not expect you to debar yourself of the possibility of tasting some of the crumbs which fell from the slaveholder's table, which are distributed to those only who "bend the supple hinges of the knee, that thrift may follow fawning !"

Oh, no! we are not such an overt act as to do any such thing as this! We read you at once; and therefore we come straight at you.

You know no God but *money!* You say, if we talk like men, the South will not like us; the South is the source of power, and the South must not lose money. If we threaten the South, she will withdraw from us all hopes of executive patronage, and federal promotion; she will destroy the tariff, and the United States Bank! Now with due deference, we think your reasoning as *false* as it is base. The South will say, these Massachusetts men are not to be trusted, they have deserted the names of their own great Dead, they will not be true to us, the living! We will not *buy them*, they are not worth purchasing, the price of our money to purchase the *intractable*, these Massachusetts men are already contemptible *from!*

You have strong reliance upon your tariff? The South! Who, upon your moneyed institutions? The South! If they conquered you when you were men, will they not spit upon you now that you are *money?* Answer! [The North are 10,000,000, the *reliable* South 1,000,000.] The slaveholders are about 350,000; *they* are not three interested in the question of the justice of the Annexation of Texas, as we have done, might possibly lead to the supposition that there had been plagiarism, somewhere.

Had not our article extended to such great length, considering the dimensions of this paper, it was our intention to have compared if those who voted for the "*naval* bill"—even if they had been able to escape the guilt of lying conscience, by the plea that their representation did not make themselves partakers and parties to the iniquity of the entire transaction, from the commencement of the plot to the consummation of its final execution, in war upon Mexico. Years ago, it was announced, from one end of the country to the other, that the annexationists, in order to secure the votes of the South, proposed—(and which have been applied)—would involve the country in war, and in a war, too, in which no party was to be considered. Then, as now, the war would be the cause of Slavery. This last resort—the bloody sacrifice of the unoffending victims—was the worst, the worst that could have been apprehended; and if the Democrats—the enemies of Liberty, and the abhorred Democratic party—the party of slavery, and the party that trivial should come, the Whigs—the pretended friends of Justice and Liberty—would unite with them, and support them—would vote for the measure, by which the lives and treasures of the whole country—what more could they have asked? what more could they have desired? Democrats, and Democrats alone, (save the Hon. Robert C. Winthrop had finished one of his graceful orations, a year ago, against the crimes and iniquities of the war which he then contemplated, and which he was prophecy that war—illegaeful, unjust, unholy war—would be the last measure of the Whig party. Then, as now, it arisen, and said: "I know, Mr. Winthrop, that war will be the result; but it will be a war to which you will be one of the first to rally, and to which you will be one of the will exactly rush to our standard, declaring that it is the standard of your country; you will be one of the most ready to send your sons and brothers to the field, and to the deadly strife; you will help to tear open the treasure-house of the Union, and drain forth its accumulated wealth, in order to carry on the war; and you will help, in its bloody course, over villages and cities, and countries, and you will be among the foremost to declare it right." We shall have you with us, when that dread hour comes; you will partake of our guilt; then, if it should be the will of heaven, we will be the victorious. We are not aware that any such language was ever addressed to Mr. Winthrop, but we are fully aware that it might have been addressed to him, with the utmost propriety, and with perfect truth.

Mr. Winthrop as a lawyer, and he knows that, if he were to stand by the side of a thief, who was breaking open a house, and should use all his powers of oratory to divert him from the unholy scenes of the Church itself we see him forcing his entrance—that Church, which, like the old crusaders, wears the cross upon its garments but not upon its heart, and which guards reverently, and hallows with incense and anthem the empty sepulchre, whence the body of the Lord hath long since arisen.

Every new anniversary finds the Society in opposition to some new popular prejudice. This year the slaveholding raid upon Mexico occupied a prominent place in the business of the Convention, and the Society was brought into conflict with that sublest invent a of the arch enemy of mankind, the impeding the progress of power and good will to man—Sectarianism. It is by means of this that wicked and selfish rulers contrive to make the people of two nations, whose interests are identical, enemies of each other, and greater lovers of certain imaginary personifications of territory, or pieces of striped bunting, than of justice, freedom, and humanity. To denounce war in Christian communities is to denounce merely a piece of harmless amusement on the part of innocent visionaries, and the pleasure may be enjoyed quietly by any respectable peace society, without disturbing the equanimity of the public. But to come out boldly and declare a war, entered into, (with considerable hope of easy plunder,) by one's own country, as unjust, unchristian, and immoral, and to denounce it duly, is to rouse all the bitterness of party spirit, and the far greater part of the audience listened with an interest and attention, such as we have never witnessed before—in an anti-slavery meeting in Boston. Every thing that was said, was received with the utmost loyalty of the present meeting Faneuil Hall was filled to the very top of the present meeting Faneuil Hall was filled to the utmost capacity. The people have begun to understand that great ideas and truths were in circulation above their heads, of which they were as unconscious as are the inhabitants of those houses over which the wires of the magnetic telegraph pass, the messages flitting to and fro on that electric mail-route. The Convention was not announced by any of the leading newspapers of the city, and was noticed only by one, and that in terms of derision, yet multitudes came, and were attentive listeners to the end.

Indeed, it would have been a strange thing if such speakers as could be heard there had not attracted crowds of hearers. Garrison, Phillips, Quincy, Abby Kelley Foster, S. S. Foster, C. C. Burleigh, Parker Pillsbury, W. H. Channing, W. A. White, C. L. Remond, Loring Moody, Samuel May, T. T. Stone, Caleb Stetson, and Stephen Symonds, friends of the cause, Seth Sprague, Father Henry, and Isaac Hopper,—such names alone of those would be enough to insure such eloquent and boldness of moral sentiment as can be found nowhere else. But, beside these, Theodore Parker, of Boston, came forward on the Anti Slavery platform for the first time, and made a noble speech. Mary Grew, also, of Philadelphia, now first entered the lists. Boston friends with the sound of her voice, in an eloquent and earnest plea in favor of using the products of free labor alone. It may be well to state, for the benefit of those who would deny women the right of public speaking, that the audience was particularly attentive and interested during the time the female speakers.

The Convention passed strong and earnest resolutions, condemning the Mexican war, and the cowardly annexation of Governor Briggs, of Massachusetts, and setting forth the duty of Abolitionists in regard to the present crisis. The friends present pledged themselves solemnly to countenance, in any way, the wicked measures of the Government, but to resist them by every peaceable means. We may consider this meeting so as era in the history of the cause. Extraneous circumstances, not connected with Slavery, have just now brought many into union with the feelings of the Society in regard to the Mexican war, and it cannot be doubted, that in the minds of many such, our arguments and appeals will sow the seed of new and broader principles. One thing, at least, is certain, that every event, however, may at first appear, must help onward the cause of truth, and hasten the day of judgment for evil. For us there is no such word as unfortunate.

A Fast of the three days sittings will doubtless appear in the Liberator, and we can only add, that we never attended a meeting so encouraging. As a proof that some dread was excited in the minds of the "constituted authorities," we may state that the use of the Hall was denied on the last evening of the Convention. The meetings of the first day and evening were held in Faneuil Hall, those of the second day in the Melodeon, and those of the last at Faneuil Hall again. When we began this article, we had contemplated giving a full account of the proceedings of the Convention, but, with the excitement of it still vibrating in us, and its eloquence still ringing in our ears, we found it to be impossible. When we think upon such a gathering of noble spirits, language becomes to fall us, and when we should feel it ever, inspired, we are forced to be tame and inexpolete.—L.

The present Crisis—The New England Anti-Slavery Convention—Speeches and Resolutions of the Members and Friends of the American Anti-Slavery Society.

That man has lost one of life's most inspiring hours who did not participate with the American Abolitionists, in this great Convention.

Every scene of it, during the whole three days' session, was one of the deepest interest. The attendance was overwhelmingly numerous. Men and women were there who had travelled thousands of miles, from all parts of the free States, to assist at this great gathering of the faithful hearted. No words can do justice to the flesly-tempered zeal and energy, the dutiful fidelity to righteous principle, and the unbounded love of the human race, manifested by the proceedings. The appearance of Faneuil Hall, presenting, from the ceiling to the centre, a sea of faces, whose expression changed from moment to moment like the wind-swept waves, breathed the fiery eloquence that enchained them in breathless attention, reminded the beholder of some great fresco of the last judgment.

But after the powerful expositions of our country's shame, in regard to Texas, Mexico, and Slavery, had been heard—after the whole great encompassing cloud of witnesses had expressed their indignant condemnation of this slaveholding Government, this pretence a Union, it was high time for the solemn charge, and denunciation of terrible rebuke, the baseness of Governor Briggs, of Massachusetts, in obeying the ruffianly commands of the National Executive,—then the vast multitude seemed like a forest shaken by the strong tempest. Every heart was filled with firm resolve, and heat on slumbering no more. The whole audience dragged into a contest in any manner, this most wicked and diseaceful war, was circulated through the crowd on the instant, as follows:

"*We, the undersigned, desiring to show do utter abhorrence of Slavery, and of every act, whether of the State or the National Government, which gives to it support, do hereby ourselves, before God and the world, to stir with the oppressed and not with the oppressors, hereby pledge ourselves, neither by act nor deed, to aid, support, countenance the Government in the war with Mexico, but will honorably, and at every sacrifice to refuse enlistment, contribution, and direct participation therein.*"

The reasons for this resolute revolutionary movement, (let it pass rapidly through the land,) were then set forth at length, in the following resolution, the seventh of the series in the official report of the doings of the Convention. It was sustained by William Henry Channing,—a name of the purest and highest order, and was received but late for this week's paper. It shall appear next week.

New England Convention.

DEAR FRIEND:—I send herewith the resolutions of the New Ranford Convention.

Last winter, Governor Francis Jackson inquired if it was the pleasure of the Convention to organize the meeting. The Convention told him yes, very significantly, and appointed him to preside, with Sth Sprague, of Duxbury, Edmund Quincy, Abby Kelley Foster, William Lloyd Garrison, S. Henry, C. L. Remond, as Vice Presidents, and Wendell Phillips, of New York, and Pauline S. Wright, as Secretaries.

Mr. H. Clapp, and Mr. Mellen, showed much folly, and the first much knavery, in trying to persuade the Convention that in thus appointing to itself servants, it was tyrannized over, and greatly wronged. Nobody pays any attention, for everybody knew him. Mr. Quincy civilly replied to his ill-intended questions, and he slunk away.

A Business Committee of twelve, of which Edmund Quincy was the chairman, was then selected by the President and then confirmed by the Convention. Among these were Wendell Phillips, Stephen Foster, C. C. Burleigh, Rhina Lee Foller, and Pauline S. Wright. After a few true these impertect resolutions, thinking you will prefer some such this week, since the official report will not reach you till next.—C.

Resolved, That if the Governor or the Legislature of Massachusetts, or any officer of the State or National Government of the United States in prosecuting this infamous invasion of Mexican territory and rights; obey its legislation, or execute its decrees, we will not in any way aid in this war, or to give it countenance, they will deserve the contempt and abhorrence of men, and be recreant to duty, to liberty, and the Constitution, and especially base and inexcusable, since they have repeatedly, and almost unanimously declared that this war is waged in the cause of the Union, a perversion of Republican Government, and a deliberate assault on the compromises of the Constitution, and that the Union is endangered, unless, and preserving opposition of all persons who claim to be the friends of American liberty."

Resolved, That the bar of liberty and humanity, we impeach George N. Briggs, the author of the proclamation, and the Governor of Massachusetts, for the treachery, as a traitor by his own showing, and one before whose tribunal the infamy of Arnold, and of the traitors in the Missouri conspiracy, should be infinitely and justly heaped, since, under oath to support the Constitution of the United States, he calls on the Commonwealth to rally to a war, which, by his own showing, is waged in support of the Annexation of Texas) which he has himself so often declared to be a violation of the Constitution—equivalent to dissolution" and which the Legislature of Massachusetts to which it would be the basest calumny to suppose that Massachusetts would ever submit; and that we call upon the people to forget their party leaders, and to keep old Mason, of Boston, and Shaw, of Lancesboro', for their representatives.

Resolved, That in the present base and unworthy attitude of Massachusetts, as seen in the light of her past history and present position, we recognize a new proof of the necessary absurdity of the Federal union between Liberty and Slavery, and a fresh argument for the dissolution of the present Union, and of their country, of the motto of the American Abolitionists, of "NO UNION WITH SLAVEHOLDERS!"

Resolved, That the following words from the *American Church the guilt of the death of Charles T. Torrey*, are strengthened in our conviction, that that cannot be the Church of Christ, which, armed with a power almost omnipotent over the moral sentiment of the nation, looks on with indifference, while of the few, the very few, of her ministers are many who refuse to do their duty, one falls in defence of a free press, and one in "doing unto others as he would they should do to him?"—while their friends have yet to be found who will publicly rebuke, in any of the American Church, the first word of sympathy—their evidence the first word of honest rebuke—and while the sin both wouldn to extirpate, still finds its silent and most willing defenders among the clergy of the land.

Resolved, That the only unequivocal evidence of the utter corruption of public feeling and religious principle among us, is the fact that any State, however degraded, or any State made up of slaveholders, could dare so to trample on the sentiment of the age, the opinion of Christendom, the dictates of humanity, the principles of justice, and the law of God, as to doom to its prisons a man

The Anti-Slavery Standard.

NEWYORK, THURSDAY, JUNE 4, 1846.

The New England Convention.

We have often taken occasion to remark, that this annual gathering of the friends of our holy cause was unique in its character. The Convention which has just closed has not been deficient in adding its proper proportion of evidence to sustain that opinion. The heart of the anxious old Bay State showed that it had warm blood in it still, and Faneuil Hall throbbed with more than its ancient enthusiasm and devotion.

The position of the Anti-Slavery Society, in advance of the public sentiment, which it is striving to regenerate, must always be an unpopular one. As it is truly, when it denounces the sins of the Church, and denounces the sins of terrible rebuke, the baseness of Governor Briggs, of Massachusetts, in obeying the ruffianly commands of the National Executive,—then the vast multitude seemed like a forest shaken by the strong tempest. Every heart was filled with firm resolve, and heat on slumbering no more. The whole audience dragged into a contest in any manner, this most wicked and diseaceful war, was circulated through the crowd on the instant, as follows:

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whose act and end will rank him among the martyrs of the last reformation, and place Maryland on the page of history, by the side of Alva, and Jeffries, with Smithfield and the Inquisition.

Whereas, the Constitution of the United States of America has been trampled under foot by the slave-power, and the bond of Union between these States broken in fragments; and

Whereas, we see, therefore, not under a legal Government, but a lawless oligarchy of slaveholders and their vassals; and

Whereas, these usurpers have plunged this nation into a most atrocious war, by as atrocious means—a war of endless aggression for the unlimited establishment of Slavery—against which violate treaties, international law, and the obligations and decencies of international law; and

Whereas, finally, the Governor of Massachusetts, in utter disregard of the State's most solemn, explicit, and repeated declarations of its will, has this year issued his confessions of practice and, has dared to summon Massachusetts freemen to fight the battles of the slaveholding Confederacy, therefore,

Resolved, That the people of Massachusetts, do here and now deliberately assert, that there is no longer a Union of these States, a National Constitution, a National Executive; that no citizen of these States is nor not a lord of inherent of patriotism or of honor, is bound to act of unparalleled outrage upon a sister Republic; that a participation in this war is an act of non-piracy with lawless murderers and marauders; that we abhor it, and that we announce for ourselves, and recommend to our fellow-citizens, the adoption of these three measures of Peaceful Revolution, as most practicable to the present crisis:

I. Individually and collectively, to pledge ourselves in no way in countenance, encourage, or aid in that unjust and impious robbery of Mexico.

II. Individually and collectively, to pledge our contributions to support the families of those who, being drafted in this war, refuse to serve, taking the penalty.

III. To memorialize the Legislature of Massachusetts, and in County, State and General Conventions to the end of re-establishing this protestant Republic; of forming a new bond of Union which shall be on the basis of freedom, and of Freemen only; of adopting a new Constitution—which shall be founded upon principles of universal justice—and fitted to all its Articles to secure to every free citizen of the liberty, and the pursuit of happiness; and this—if supported by the people into action at once God in his Providence designed us to be, a NATION OF UNTRAMMELLED FREEMEN.

Resolved, That while we lament over the awful fact, that one-sixth portion of our fellow-countrymen are still pinins in slavery among us, we are filled with the spirit of rejoicing and hope in the consideration of the emancipation of EIGHT HUNDRED THOUSAND SLAVES in the West India Islands, who have nobly vindicated their claim to the blessing of liberty, and who, since their liberation, by their good conduct, and moral and elevation, all impertinent, unfounded strictures, which afforded for the great revolutionary conflict which is before us. The impress onward till the last chain is broken, the last slave is set free, and the song of jubilee is heard throughout our borders.

Whereas, from the foundation of the Federal Government there have been peculiarly hard lot of the colored free people of color have been oppressed most cruelly, and deprived of their civil, moral, and religious rights most shamefully—persecution and tyranny and treachery under the ban of public sentiment, and they being treated worse than slaves, and not allowed to have a country; therefore,

Resolved, That this Convention recommend to the next month the formation of color throughout the State, to hold simultaneous meetings, and resolve at the present time, that they will not in any instance as hereafter take up arms in defence of the country and the slave-laws shall be given the slaves in the South, and their own rights recognized in the North.

Resolved, That we rejoice to hear that the Executive Committee of the American Anti-Slavery Society have been so fortunate as to secure the services of several effective lecturers for the entire year of 1846, and not only for their interest in the cause of reform, but for the encouragement of the republic of letters, and the enlargement of the "National Anti-Slavery Standard"—and we pledge ourselves to co-operate with them in extending its circulation, and advancing its interests in all quarters.

Resolved, That this Convention feels with satisfaction the purpose of the Massachusetts A. S. Society, and the Massachusetts A. S. Anti-Slavery Fair, to commence on the 4th of July at Dedham, in the service of the anti-slavery cause, and warmly urges the presence and co-operation of all the friends of emancipation, in the State of Massachusetts with lecturers.

Resolved, That we rejoice to hear the cordial invitation extended to our noble brother, Wm. Lloyd Garrison, to visit Scotland during the ensuing summer, inviting it to observe with what love his fame and character are cherished—a devotion have triumphed over the continued efforts of so many and such virulent enemies to misrepresent his personal and public character, and to destroy his influence; a fame of duty and his various engagements will permit him to add his voice to those of other friends now moved in raising a fund to defray the cost of his visit, and to compelling the Free Church to "*Send back the money.*"

Resolved, That we desire to express our hearty hand across the Atlantic, when we attempt to thank our noble brethren in this enterprise, WRIGHT, DOUGLASS, and Burgess, for their disinterested service in behalf of Scotland; that we hail the evidence which every mail brings across the ocean, that their motto of "SEND BACK THAT MONEY" will, ere long, be written on the walls of Free Church, and that much as we love for their presence at home, we cheerfully recognize the facts, that, as Christmas once said, he would cheerfully go to the stake if so we may say now, we are conquering Carolina in Scotland.

Resolved, That this Convention recommends to its members, and to Abolitionists generally, to bear a faithful testimony against the sin of the slaveholders, by carefully abstinance from the use and purchase of the products of the slave to unrequited and extorted labor. [Laid on the table for want of time for discussion.]

The World's Convention.

We learn from the *London Anti-Slavery Reporter* that at a meeting of the Committee of the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society, held at Birmingham, in April, the following resolution was passed:

"That, while this Committee deem it unnecessary and inexpedient to enter into any question at present on the subject of Delegation, or on the mode of appointment, in which Christian brethren may be placed in countries where the right of suffrage is not enjoyed, they are of opinion that invitations ought not to be sent to individuals who, whether by their own fault or otherwise, may be in the unhappy position of holding their fellow-men as slaves."

The *Reporter* in commenting upon this resolution hopes that it may be kept advised if any of the slaveholders "venture over," and hopes, "also, that those gentlemen, at the North, who are the apologists of Slavery, who thrust their colored brethren into the 'negro pew,' and refuse to break the same bread, and drink of the same cup, at the same time, with their fellow-members, whose skins have a darker tincture than their own, and otherwise heap indignities and shame upon them, will feel themselves virtually excluded from the Evangelical Alliance by the resolution which has been passed." We have already given our British readers some information as to delegates to the Convention, and have an article now waiting for room, which may give them some further light on this subject. It will be of little service, however, if their definition of the "apologists of Slavery" is as narrow as that of the *Reporter*.

The Church Militant.

A Southern paper contains the following paragraph. We would recommend the Secretary of War to take a hint from the example of the Rev. Captain Stewart, and give commissions to all our army and navy chaplains, or make them serve in the ranks, or at the guns on board ship. If it is good to pray before a battle that it be successful, it is good to help make it so.

A company of about ninety men arrived here yesterday from the parishes of East Baton Rouge and Iberville, under the command of the Rev. Reuben Kent, who, as Captain, will serve as a worthy clergyman of the Methodist persuasion, who allows nothing to prevent his discharge of his duty every citizen owes to his country in the hour of peril.

The Enemy at Home.

Some of the Southern papers are already giving indications of their fear of the internal enemy—"the millions ready to rise up at the tap of the drum,"—in case of an invasion. They are fearful even of permitting the enlisted portion to leave anything of the kind. Yet they should turn it to account in their own behalf. Read the following from the New Orleans *Jeffer-dnian*, and see how conscience makes cowards of slaveholders:

FREE PEOPLE OF COLOR.—We hear that a numerous body of free colored men of this city, propose to offer their services as soldiers. Many of our colored inhabitants are respectable and worthy of credit, are industrious people, and are sincerely attached to the country; and the patriotism that dictates the proposition is worthy of all praise. It occurs to us, however, that it is entirely inadmissible. Gen. Jackson accepted their services in 1814 to repel invasion, and they proved themselves worthy of the trust. If the city was in danger, they might properly share in its defence. Free our slaves might be, with propriety, employed. But the present campaign will consist of offensive operations. We shall not only force the enemy across the Rio Grande, but in all probability, push our arms in the very heart of Mexico. In a war of invasion we cannot employ men of color. If we set such a precedent, we shall have no right to protest against the employment of a similar force against us, should we become involved in a war with Great Britain. It is distinctly understood, that if the English ever land a regiment of blacks in this country, we can claim no quarter to prisoners. It will be a war of extermination, and must be waged to the bitter end. And we must be certain of how we set the precedent, when we march into the territory of another power.

From the Boston Courier.

On the death of Rev. Charles T. Torrey, by JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.—*Read at Faneuil Hall, on the Evening of May 18, 1846.*

Woe worth the hour when it is a crime
To plead the poor dumb bondman's cause,
When all that makes the heart and time,
The glorious throbs that conquer time,
Are traitors to our cruel laws!

He strove among the thickest foes
Our clime of brotherhood to send;
The dungeon oped its hungry door
To give him room, and take the hope
Then shut—and here behold the end!

O, mother-state! when this was done,
No pitying three the bosom wore
Silent thou wert, at the dead's shrond spun,
And now thou strivest so to do
The unwonted task is hard for thee!

Must it be thus, forever? No!
The hand of God sows not in vain;
Long sleeps the darkling earth the while,
But wakes and stirs the germ and chaste,
And all the fields are deep with grain.

Although our brother lie asleep,
Mark's hour is come, the still reapers;
His grave shall quiver yet, while deep
Through the heave land the pulses leap
Her servants to energies and fires.

When hours like this the seasons' gush
Have stilled and left the spirit room,
It bears amid the grateful hush,
The swooping pinions' dreadful rush,
That bring the vengeance and the doom.

Not man's brute vengeance such as reads,
What rivers man to man, apart,—
God doth not so bring round his deeds,
But wards the blow, yet still sends
Sweet mercy to the oppressor's heart.

For the Standard.

The Universalist Protest.

MR. EDITOR:—Some time since you published a Protest against Slavery, signed by more than one hundred and four Universalist ministers. From various sectedeial causes, the Protest was not signed, in time for publication, by all who would have been glad to sign it.

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Resolved, That this Convention feels with satisfaction the purpose of the Massachusetts A. S. Society, and the Massachusetts A. S. Anti-Slavery Fair, to commence on the 4th of July at Dedham, in the service of the anti-slavery cause, and warmly urges the presence and co-operation of all the friends of emancipation, in the State of Massachusetts with lecturers.

Resolved, That we rejoice to hear the cordial invitation extended to our noble brother, Wm. Lloyd Garrison, to visit Scotland during the ensuing summer, inviting it to observe with what love his fame and character are cherished—a devotion have triumphed over the continued efforts of so many and such virulent enemies to misrepresent his personal and public character, and to destroy his influence; a fame of duty and his various engagements will permit him to add his voice to those of other friends now moved in raising a fund to defray the cost of his visit, and to compelling the Free Church to "*Send back the money.*"

Resolved, That we desire to express our hearty hand across the Atlantic, when we attempt to thank our noble brethren in this enterprise, WRIGHT, DOUGLASS, and Burgess, for their disinterested service in behalf of Scotland; that we hail the evidence which every mail brings across the ocean, that their motto of "SEND BACK THAT MONEY" will, ere long, be written on the walls of Free Church, and that much as we love for their presence at home, we cheerfully recognize the facts, that, as Christmas once said, he would cheerfully go to the stake if so we may say now, we are conquering Carolina in Scotland.

Resolved, That this Convention recommends to its members, and to Abolitionists generally, to bear a faithful testimony against the sin of the slaveholders, by carefully abstinance from the use and purchase of the products of the slave to unrequited and extorted labor. [Laid on the table for want of time for discussion.]

The World's Convention.

We learn from the *London Anti-Slavery Reporter* that at a meeting of the Committee of the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society, held at Birmingham, in April, the following resolution was passed:

"That, while this Committee deem it unnecessary and inexpedient to enter into any question at present on the subject of Delegation, or on the mode of appointment, in which Christian brethren may be placed in countries where the right of suffrage is not enjoyed, they are of opinion that invitations ought not to be sent to individuals who, whether by their own fault or otherwise, may be in the unhappy position of holding their fellow-men as slaves."

The *Reporter* in commenting upon this resolution hopes that it may be kept advised if any of the slaveholders "venture over," and hopes, "also, that those gentlemen, at the North, who are the apologists of Slavery, who thrust their colored brethren into the 'negro pew,' and refuse to break the same bread, and drink of the same cup, at the same time, with their fellow-members, whose skins have a darker tincture than their own, and otherwise heap indignities and shame upon them, will feel themselves virtually excluded from the Evangelical Alliance by the resolution which has been passed." We have already given our British readers some information as to delegates to the Convention, and have an article now waiting for room, which may give them some further light on this subject. It will be of little service, however, if their definition of the "apologists of Slavery" is as narrow as that of the *Reporter*.

The Church Militant.

A Southern paper contains the following paragraph. We would recommend the Secretary of War to take a hint from the example of the Rev. Captain Stewart, and give commissions to all our army and navy chaplains, or make them serve in the ranks, or at the guns on board ship. If it is good to pray before a battle that it be successful, it is good to help make it so.

A company of about ninety men arrived here yesterday from the parishes of East Baton Rouge and Iberville, under the command of the Rev. Reuben Kent, who, as Captain, will serve as a worthy clergyman of the Methodist persuasion, who allows nothing to prevent his discharge of the duty every citizen owes to his country in the hour of peril.

The Enemy at Home.

Some of the Southern papers are already giving indications of their fear of the internal enemy—"the millions ready to rise up at the tap of the drum,"—in case of an invasion. They are fearful even of permitting the enlisted portion to leave anything of the kind. Yet they should turn it to account in their own behalf. Read the following from the New Orleans *Jeffer-dnian*, and see how conscience makes cowards of slaveholders:

FREE PEOPLE OF COLOR.—We hear that a numerous body of free colored men of this city, propose to offer their services as soldiers. Many of our colored inhabitants are respectable and worthy of credit, are industrious people, and are sincerely attached to the country; and the patriotism that dictates the proposition is worthy of all praise. It occurs to us, however, that it is entirely inadmissible. Gen. Jackson accepted their services in 1814 to repel invasion, and they proved themselves worthy of the trust. If the city was in danger, they might properly share in its defence. Free our slaves might be, with propriety, employed. But the present campaign will consist of offensive operations. We shall not only force the enemy across the Rio Grande, but in all probability, push our arms in the very heart of Mexico. In a war of invasion we cannot employ men of color. If we set such a precedent, we shall have no right to protest against the employment of a similar force against us, should we become involved in a war with Great Britain. It is distinctly understood, that if the English ever land a regiment of blacks in this country, we can claim no quarter to prisoners. It will be a war of extermination, and must be waged to the bitter end. And we must be certain of how we set the precedent, when we march into the territory of another power.

From the Boston Courier.

On the death of Rev. Charles T. Torrey, by JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.—*Read at Faneuil Hall, on the Evening of May 18, 1846.*

Woe worth the hour when it is a crime
To plead the poor dumb bondman's cause,
When all that makes the heart and time,
The glorious throbs that conquer time,
Are traitors to our cruel laws!

He strove among the thickest foes
Our clime of brotherhood to send;
The dungeon oped its hungry door
To give him room, and take the hope
Then shut—and here behold the end!

O, mother-state! when this was done,
No pitying three the bosom wore
Silent thou wert, at the dead's shrond spun,
And now thou strivest so to do
The unwonted task is hard for thee!

Must it be thus, forever? No!
The hand of God sows not in vain;
Long sleeps the darkling earth the while,
But wakes and stirs the germ and chaste,
And all the fields are deep with grain.

Although our brother lie asleep,
Mark's hour is come, the still reapers;
His grave shall quiver yet, while deep
Through the heave land the pulses leap
Her servants to energies and fires.

When hours like this the seasons' gush
Have stilled and left the spirit room,
It bears amid the grateful hush,
The swooping pinions' dreadful rush,
That bring the vengeance and the doom.

Not man's brute vengeance such as reads,
What rivers man to man, apart,—
God doth not so bring round his deeds,
But wards the blow, yet still sends
Sweet mercy to the oppressor's heart.

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The Wandering Jew. No. 12. Harper's Illustrated Edition.

We are happy to perceive that this superb publication has been resumed after a suspension of two months. The number before us is equal to any of the first ones published. The author is becoming more and more at ease in his delineations of character, and his style is constantly improving. The description of the Wandering Jew's visit to the Count Rodolphe's, and the interview between the Count and Dagobert, are admirable specimens of graphic writing. The latter part of the number, containing the

Poetry.

LINES AMONG THE LEAVES.

BY ELIZA COOK.

Have ye heard the west wind singing, where the summer trees are springing?
Have ye counted o'er the many tunes it knows?
For the wide-winged spirit roaming, and its ballad metre changeth
As it goes.

A plaintive wail it maketh when the willow's tress it shaketh,
Like new-born infant sighing in its sleep;
And the breeze is low and slender, bend to list the strain so tender,
Till they weep.

Another tale it telling, where the clustered elm is swelling
With doneing joy, that seems to laugh outright;
And the leaves, all bright and clapping, sound like human fingers snapping
With delight.

The fitful ket-note shifteth where the heavy oak upliseth
A cadence of serene broad and high;
And it chants with muffled roaring, like an eagle's wings in soaring
To the sky.

Now the breeze is freshly wending, where the gloomy yew is bending,
To shade green graves and canopy the owl;
And it gives a mournful whistle, that reminderh of the missal
And the cowl.

Another lay it giveth where the spiral poplar liveth,
Above the crosses, lily, flag, and reed;
And it sings with hissing treble like the foam upon the pebble
In its gush.

A varied theme it utters where the glossy date-leaf flutters—
A loud and lightsome chant it yieldeth there;
And the quiet, listening dreamer may believe that many a streamer
Flaps the air.

It is sad and dreary hearing where the giant pine is waving
A lonely bard, like hoarse plume waved about;
And it lurketh melancholy where the thick and sombre holly
Bristles out.

It murmurs soft and mellow mid the light laburnums yellow,
As lower's ditty chimed by rippling plash,
And deeper is its tiding, as it horries, swiftly sliding
Through the ash.

A roundelay of pleasure does it keep in merry measure,
While rustling in the rich leaves of the beech,
As though a band of fairies were engaged in Mab's vagaries,
Out of reach

Oh! a band of many breathings is the Wind in sylvan wreathings,
O'er mountain tops and through the woodland gnwes.
Now fleeing and now drumming—now howling and now humming,
As it roves.

Oh! are not human bosoms like these things of leaves and blossoms,
Where hallowed whispers come to cheer and rouse?
Is there no mystic stirring in our hearts, like sweet wind whirring
In the boughs?

Though that wind a strange tone waketh in every home a-waketh,
And the maple tree responds not as the birch,
Yet harmony is playing round all the green arms swaying
'Neath Heaven's arch.

Oh! what can be the teaching of these forest voices preaching?
'Tis that a brother's creed, though not as mine,
May blend about God's altar, and help to fill the psalter
That 's divine.

LINES WRITTEN IN EARLY SPRING.

BY WORDSWORTH.

I heard a thousand blended notes,
While in a grove I sate reclined,
In that sweet mood when pleasant thoughts
Bring sad thoughts to the mind.

To her fair works did Nature link
The human soul that through me ran;
And much it grieved my heart to think
What man has made of man.

Through primrose tufts, in that green bower,
The periwinkle trailed its wreaths;
And 'tis my faith that every flower
Enjoys the air it breathes.

The birds around me hopped and played—
Their thoughts I cannot measure;
But the least motion which they made
It seemed a thrill of pleasure.

The budding twigs spread out their fan,
To catch the breezy air;
And I must think, do all I can,
That there was pleasure there.

If this belief from Heaven be sent,
If such be Nature's holy plan,
Have I not reason to lament
What man has made of man?

From the New Monthly.

THE FIRST MURDER.

The youthful earth o'er which the stars
Had run in eternal strains, had scarce
From chaos sprung, ere blood did bathe
Its tender grass. Scarce had the flow'rs
Faded which bloom'd around when first
The rain in showers fell, or when
The dew had first distill'd its drops
Of pearl upon the virgin earth
Ere human gore was spilt. The earth,
Did yield its fruits, the golden grain
Hung down its tassell'd head, and trees
Put blossoms on their branches first. Abel
Went forth to offer up the firstlings
Of his young flock to God. His gift
Did God accept, but Cain was wroth
And slew his brother whom he should
Have lov'd, for brother-hearts should love
Like mingling dew upon the rose.

The bloody deed was done, the Judge
Of Heaven and earth the rebel mark'd,
But then no death-bree curs'd the earth
And Cain became a vagabond—
A fugitive. No hands of blood
Did God allow to take the life
Of Cain. O, then, let man, not bent
With rage, from God now learn to let
The sinner live. Jesus perchance
May seek him out and bring the lost—
The erring, home. S. H. L.

NORTH ATTLEBORO', Mass.

Miscellany.

THE SLAVE-WIFE.

BY F. H. GREEN.

Among the numerous facts which are "peculiar institution" is continually bringing to them in open—facts which, in the wild danger on the one hand, and the deep malignity on the other, outvie the most extravagant romance—may be found evidence of the most truthful tendency, stranger than fiction. The following story was related to me by one who well knew the parties; and I give it, as nearly as possible, in his own words.

I had been walking through the fields of various acquaintances, conversing with them as I went, and listening to the happy song, or the merry whistle that rang out on the clear air of a fine spring morning, when, at about nine o'clock, I leaned over a rude fence that enclosed the field where my friend Laco was at work.

"Well, Laco," I said, extending my hand, as he was about turning to commence another row, "This is a fine morning, but you are not quite in the spirit of it. You seem unhappy. Has anything happened to disturb you?"

"No, Massa, no. Nothing happen to Laco now. Nothing can ever happen to him," he replied, turning upon me a look of unutterable sadness.

"What do you say that, Laco? You surely are happy, now you are free, and you cannot be insensible to the beauty of this lovely morning. The birds are singing. The birds are singing. They are happy, all are happy. Why should not Laco sing, and be happy too?"

"The birds," answered he, "are singing songs of love. Each one has a mate in his nest; but Laco's nest is cold and silent. Why, then, should he sing? The free are singing the song of Liberty, but the light of Laco's freedom is put out."

"Excuse me Laco," I urged, as I sprang over the fence and stood beside him, "I did not mean to offend. Speak to me freely, as a friend, a brother; and the confidence may relieve you; I see your story is a sad one."

"Ah, Massa, so slave story always be. But come to the cabin, Massa; and Laco will tell you what he has whispered only to the great ear of night, when God an angels alone are walking." He laid down his hoe in the furrow, and sprang over the fence at a single bound. I followed him, and with a few more steps we stood in the log-cabin that he spent the solitary hours of rest. A draught of cool milk and water refreshed us; and seating himself on the corner of the table, while I took a chair, he fered me, after a pause of some minutes marked by profound emotion, he thus related his simple but heart-thrilling story.

"I was raised on the plantation of J. C——, and perhaps few slaves have had a kinder master. At the age of seventeen I was placed Chief Cook in the family of master. She was white. At less no one would suppose she had any African blood in her veins. Some have said that the only trace of it was in her eyes; and there were large, and soft, and brilliant, although very black.

"At length I observed that Clusy was getting pale, and I often found her in tears. I asked her the cause—I urged her to tell me, but she would dry them insantly, and say that she was not well, or that she was lonesome, but could not help crying when I was gone. I saw that this was mere pretence, and sought in vain for the truth that lay under it, and could not find it. Still she longed to see me more frequently, but the fact of her unhappiness, she resolutely refused to tell the cause. I could find no relief to my anxiety.

"One holyday—it was the fourth of July—I had resolved to go to carouse, with my fellow-slaves, and drown my troubles in whisky. My master was even more complaisant than usual to me, and gave a generous allowance of money. He warmly encouraged my going, as masters always do, because whatever sinks the degradation of the slave—and I felt it—he had another reason for wishing me absent. I had already left the plantation, and set out to join my companions with a small whistle, when I had a second thought. I turned back, and my purpose was arrested in a very singular manner. While loitering through the meadow, whistling, not so much for want of thought, as to drown it, I was seen and called to by Clusy, from a magnolia tree, where I had first met Clusy, when we were both children. I threw myself into the refreshing shade of the tree, and had almost forgotten, seemed to rise before me. There we had often planted together in childhood, and when she came to the garden to this tree I always accompanied her, and here we always parted. Here, too, she often came to meet me in the long starry evenings, after work was done. Here she promised to be mine, and here, too, my mother blessed us but a few days before her death, and I remember the look of love with which she fixed me, it was clasped between the bony shriveled ones of my mother.

"I thought then she wept because she was going to die, but I knew not it was deeper sorrow, that shook her so fearfully. Here, too, beneath this very tree we sat, with hand but locked in hand, on the eve of our marriage, to be minister of love to each us, and called us one. All these things became present with me. I lived again in the past, and my spirit returned to its former poor. I abandoned my design of a frolic. I thought only of Clusy, for love and faith once more blossomed in my heart, and I hastened to smooth the path which led to the little cottage that her loving mistress had built for her. I ran, I flew along its windings, and almost breathless, I reached the shadow of her porch. I would elasp her to my heart, which was throbbing with but one great pulse for, for her alone, my love—my wife. I would assure her of my love; I would make amends for all my former coldness. I was nearly insane with the violence of my feelings. Oh, God! what did I see? My master rushed from the cottage-door. I fell upon my knees, struck by terribly bright. As if by the help of a flash of lightning, I saw the truth. Too horrible it is to speak of it. I had not been jealous of Clusy, for she had I not? She was beautiful. She was in her master's power. She was in the power of every white man in the country-side. Why was I not? No longer mine. She wasnot my wife. And the babe that slept under her bosom, that, too. A thousand devils seemed in possession of me. I rushed into the room—. She lay there on her couch, pale, and almost lifeless. I know not what I did. I know not how long a time had passed. I only remember that Clusy lay stretched upon the floor, and the hot blood that gushed from her mouth and nostrils was wetting my feet, and stood in puddles upon the ground. A horrible thought that I had murdered her took possession of me. I lifted her up, and bore her to a neighboring spring. I bathed her head—her hands. I drenched her with water. For minutes that then seemed hours, years, ages, I watched to see whether she would live or die. At length, slowly and faintly she opened her eyes, and the horrid grief of murder, like a great weight, was lifted from my soul. I wept. I prayed. I covered her hands, her arms, her very feet with kisses. I blessed her with blessings that seemed wrought out of my heart's blood.

"She appeared very weak, too weak to utter a sound, though she often strove to do so, but presently pressed my hand, and when she turned those large, living, truthful eyes full upon me, looking into my very soul, I knew that she was guiltless. Whatever others might have done, she had done no wrong. At length I became completely exhausted. I sank down beside her, weak and helpless as a child, and side by side, cheek resting upon cheek, we slept together. Clusy was the first to wake: "Laco," she whispered, "rise, I pray you! Massa will be very angry, if we are seen here together."

"Why, what do you mean?" I cried starting up in alarm; "you are my wife—you are my wife! Do not Massa Minister, himself say—What God has joined together, let not man put asunder? I cannot leave you, for you are ill."

"O, you must—I shall be soon, Laco, very soon—and then you will have no more trouble—your baby will never see the light. It's yours, she added in a hollow whisper, "and I have done this for your sake." After a short pause she resumed; "I believe I must tell you now, Laco; I thought I never should, but I believe I must. I shall soon go and her chance. Let us go to the woods. I dare not speak here." She attempted to rise; but fell back quite exhausted. "Can you carry me?" she whispered, faintly. I took her in my arms, and bore her to the woods. She was so light and thin it seemed like carrying a shadow. "Clusy," I cried in agony "how much you have suffered! And why; why could I not have known it?"

"I will tell you," she answered, "but hush and be quick." I piled together a heap of fresh leaves, and laid her gently down. "Sit down by me, Laco, and turn your eyes away; for you must not look at me while I am telling you."

"Oh, I wish some of the fine ladies, who think that the slave woman has no virtue; no sense even of decency; could have seen with what a sweet and shrinking modesty she old the revolting tale, and when it was finished how she hid her head in my bosom, and wept so piteously! It was a common story, I have since found. Her master was enamored of her beauty. He had sought in vain to win her love; at first by offering her presents, then by threats; then by violence, and the most abusive treatment. "And why did you not tell me this before, Clusy?" I asked.

"O," said she, looking up in my face, and clinging to me with a convulsive shudder, "he said he would kill you, if I ever told; and master swears, massa, massa never lies, massa very rich. What could poor slave do? I never should dare to tell you now, only the Lord Jesus Christ came to me in the night, and told me to tell you. And that poor slave woman come to him presently. There is no selling, there is no buying, where the Lord Jesus is. He is there, dragging to make poor woman wicked any more."

"He surely has not dared to flog you, Clusy!" I exclaimed in horror.

"Look here," she answered, with a shudder, "see if Clusy tell the truth or no." She drew aside from her lineh the one loose garment, and O, my God! her beautiful white skin was all marked in all directions; and there were deep ridges and running sores. And all this she had borne without complaint, for love of me—for love of mine—and for the inborn love of purity. O, God! it was hard to look upon, and think I had no power to help her.

"She paused, unable for utterance to speak further. He shook from head to foot, and groans burst from his heaving bosom.

At length I drew calm, and continued—"What did you need to apply for advice to the minister who had married us. He was a Presbyterian Mr. and Mrs. C——— were members of his flock, Clusy and I, also, were baptized members of his flock. I told my wife to the cottage, and laid her on the couch, and having summoned an old woman to attend her, I went to the minister. I had the good fortune to find him. I told him my story in words that seemed to burn my tongue as they passed from it. And what do you think he said? *He said there was no help; that I must submit!* Think of that, Christians! a minister of the Gospel, by profession, fellowship, and discipline a member of his church to sin, that another member may be accommodated in sin! Think of that, husbands! ye who have beds you call your own! Think of that, wives! ye who have hearts that you can give to your husbands! I must submit to see her scourged, because she would not yield herself willingly! And I, a husband, a man, a Christian, was told to think of it, all ye modest and virtuous women, who have husbands, and brothers, and friends, and the laws, in your behalf, and public sentiment, to say that the shadow of evil may not approach you! A gentle, and lovely, and delicate woman, and, as modest and virtuous as any of you—although she had been taught by no pure and loving mother, although she was shielded only by the majesty of innocence—she who had borne repeated stripes and bitter sorrow, and who had been made a mother by the tyrant, her spiritual guide and pattern, that she must commit a damning sin; that she must have no conscience of her own; that her master must be answerable for her offences! She was told this by the very man who had placed on her brow the seal of Baptism, and who had taught her the love of marriage! Think of this, all ye virtuous, all ye pious women of the land; and if your virtue, your piety, are not a mere sham—not a bewitching, delusive power, but the thousands of women—all of them your sisters in the bonds of humanity—many of them your sisters in the bonds of Christianity—who, from the very nature of the case, are of Slavery, while the black-hearted, lying priests lift up their bloody hands in consecration of the rite!

"I was a poor boy, but I had religion—that I hated the very form of man? for I came to believe that a devil incarnate had taken possession of it!

"I was a poor boy, but I had religion—that I hated to Clusy; but she was prepared. When I told her all, a superhuman strength seemed to possess her. The poor, ignorant, weak, and enslaved girl rose and changed a scene into the form of a seraph. Her eyes shone with terrible brightness, as she rose up and sat erect on her couch, her long black hair flowing down and mingling with it. Her voice, never before heard in the thousands of women—all of them your sisters in the bonds of humanity—many of them your sisters in the bonds of Christianity—was clear, and deep, and terrible as the voice of Sinai—while the black-hearted, lying priests lift up their bloody hands in consecration of the rite!

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"Then he is a liar," she said, "and the Lord Jesus Christ never said him. He came from Hell, and he will go to Hell. Laco, Laco, I am a woman, I am a man! God will never forsake his children!" A radiance more of earth overspread her features. She sank gently down upon my breast, and her whole frame shook and quivered her. I could almost feel the breath from their fanning plumes, for I knew they were watching her when she could not see them, and were waiting to bear her away. Let it for ever suffice that she died in my arms. She had murd